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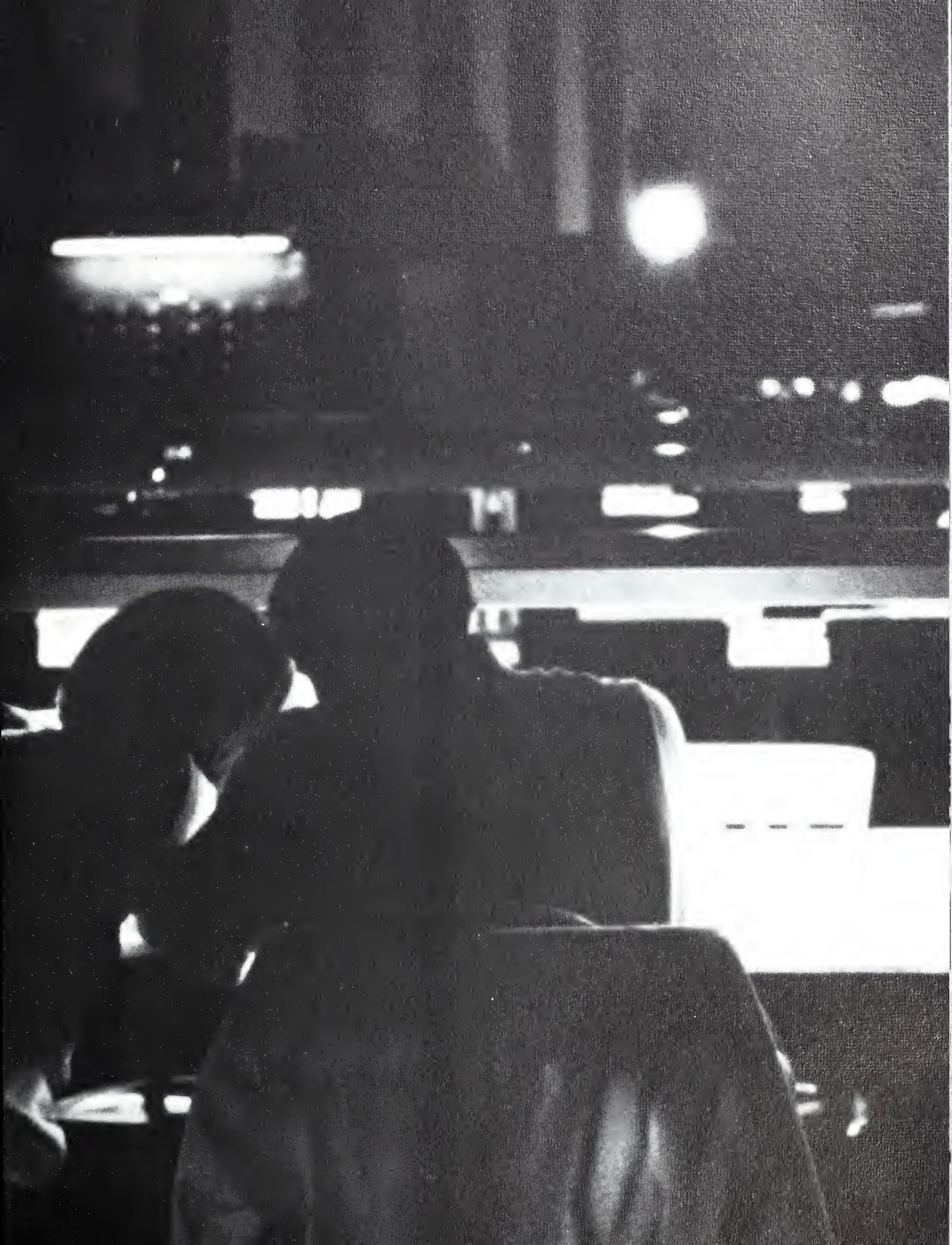
Archives
MSMC

"What is the city over the mountains
Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violent air
Falling towers
Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
Vienna London
Unreal"

SO2 NH4

"She turns and looks a moment in the glass,
Hardly aware of her departed lover;
Her brain allows one-half-formed thought to pass.
'Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over.'
When lovely woman stoops to folly and
Paces about her room again, alone,
She smoothes her hair with automatic hand,
And puts a record on the gramaphone."

"'My nerves are bad tonight. Yes, bad. Stay with me.
"What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?
"I never know what you are thinking. Think.'"



RICHARD HENN (seated at piano) and friends practice for Henn's senior recital.

HENN PLANS SENIOR RECITAL

By Vincent Pirillo

Richard Henn, composition major at Mount St. Mary's College, has set his senior recital for Saturday, November 21 at 8:00 p.m. in the Little Theater.

The program includes his *Symphony for Percussion*, a work for piano, harp, and tenor entitled *In Egypt; Reverie for Two Harps and Dancer*, and *Prelude Invention I and II — Postlude* for french horn and tuba.

Henn has been involved with music composition for a number of years. At high school age two of his records "We Live for the Sun" and "Andrea" were on top of the rock charts. But, according to Henn, he found his lack of musical knowledge limiting. He entered Mount St. Mary's College, studying theory and composition from the Mount's Dr. Matt Doran for three years. He is currently studying with famed composer William Kraft.

Henn has subtitled his three movement *Symphony for Percussion, Black American Moods*. "It was inspired by Black rhythmic impetus signifying the fire and explosive attitude of most Blacks throughout the world. This piece is to me what's inside a Black man's mind when he hears someone call him 'Nigger'," Henn said.

"Themes recall African polyrhythms as well as Motown, Rock and hemiola, giving the texture of roots and boating. Every conceivable percussion instrument including every mallet instrument — even wood clubs on steel cans — unite to bring the flavor of the street and fire of the gutter."

This composition requires approximately seventy percussion instruments played by the six member Pacific Percussion Ensemble.

In Egypt is "a song about a waking dream." This dream I really had was so real to me that when I awoke I could not differentiate between the dream and what people call 'life.' I became so synthesized by the life in this dream I had to write about it," Henn explained.

Henn will conduct this piece from the piano. His father, William Henn, and Mount student Vincent Pirillo will sing the respective "dream" and "life" tenor sections as will Verla Mills and Stella Castalucci perform the two harp sections.

The *Reverie for Two Harps and Dancer* is also a symbolic work. "It tells the story of a bird in his cage. One day the wind blows the cage's gate open. The bird may either ignore this opportunity and stay, or he may leave his secure and well-provided-for cage and enter the unknown outside. He decides to leave the secure womb of the cage and thereby enters the world of self determinism," Henn described.

Harpists Mills and Castalucci, both television and recording artists, will accompany dancer Cheryl Brandon, a Mount graduate.

"The *Prelude Invention I and II Postlude* are absolute music conceptions. The Prelude theme is that of Strauss' *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. The first Invention is in baroque form — a quasi-Bach fugue. The second Invention is avant-garde. The Postlude is 1970," Henn said.

Matt Galmutt, a Cal Arts student will play tuba and Bob

THE VIEW

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE — LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Vol. XXV, No. 2

November 6, 1970

SOCIOLOGY PROFESSOR AIDS "UPWARD BOUND" PROJECT

"Upward Bound" is a program designed to solve the problem of high school students from

program.

Primary subjects are students who did not do well in high

DR. RUTH HOFFMAN (Dept. Chairman) (left) and Ernest J. Cioffi (right) stop a moment to discuss government project U.P. WARD BOUND.

Dr. Pehlke

STUDENTS TO PLAY EQUAL ROLE WITH ADMINISTRATIVE COMMITTEES

a year of less who are less likely than children whose parents are of a higher income bracket, to go on to college.

For the past four years Ernest J. Cioffi sociology instructor at the Mount has worked in affiliation with Purdue University on this program.

The purpose of the program is "to evaluate the kids their homes personalities, and open doors."

Under the division of Health Education and Welfare Upward Bound is a part of the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), and is designed so that the universities may work with the government on the project.

240 colleges and universities throughout the United States are involved in the program, and as of 1968 25,000 high school students were participating in the

Fleur-de-Lis Ball

The Fleur-de-lis Ball, Mount St. Mary's only student fund-raising benefit, will be held on November 7, at the Riviera Country Club in Pacific Palisades.

Proceeds will go to numerous student foundations, yet to be selected by student committees from the Mount St. Mary's-Brentwood and Doheny campus. Both committees are headed by Barbara Weber, chairman of the ball.

Invited are all Mount students from both campuses, regents, faculty, alumnae, and parents.

A dance combo and rock group will play in either of the two rooms reserved for the Ball.

Tickets cost ten dollars per couple plus an additional eight dollars for those wishing to dine. The London Roast dinner will

have academic ability. Upward Bound attempts "to motivate these students toward pursuing a higher education."

Nearly 90% of all Upward Bound high school graduates have gone on to college, and 70% of the Crescent freshman college group were in "good standing."

Students are selected by college students and faculty on their high school campuses. OEO community service agencies, parents, the students themselves and ex-Upward Bounders also help in selecting students.

Participants within the project are to better the students' chances to be accepted into a post-secondary school, to believe in themselves.

After serving as an instructor in the Upward Bound program, Cioffi was chosen to research students living in ghetto areas which he did for his first three years on the program.

As Director of Research, Cioffi is working on a personal evaluation of the project.

For further evaluation, Cioffi taught Upward Bound students this past summer, and was to teach here.

Cioffi is writing a book on "poverty education" which will include an evaluation of the Upward Bound Program along with similar programs designed for summer students.

From Mt. Vernon, New York, Cioffi was schooled at Cornell University and at Tennessee State University where he received his Bachelor of Arts in Sociology.

After obtaining a Master of Arts at CPSU at Purdue University, Cioffi taught full time for two years there.

Living in California, Cioffi continues to collect research for his book, and is teaching at the

My black thumb scrapes
restless print presses that roll-cut
Los Angeles into 14 by 23 inch strips.

My finger tip traces print beds
of alpha-bit letters justified
with Yorty yells, freeway filibusters, and campus kills.

My hand smears Nancy's ink-blot eyes
watching Redford and Pollard ride motorcycles
through De Gaulle's Obit.

I bury them all in stacks of over-set run-on.

—Diane Reiser

The Times

monic will play french horn.

Heun will conduct his music besides taking the piano part for *In Egypt*. For the future, Heun has a symphony for full orchestra with rock elements in mind.

RENEE GOLABEK

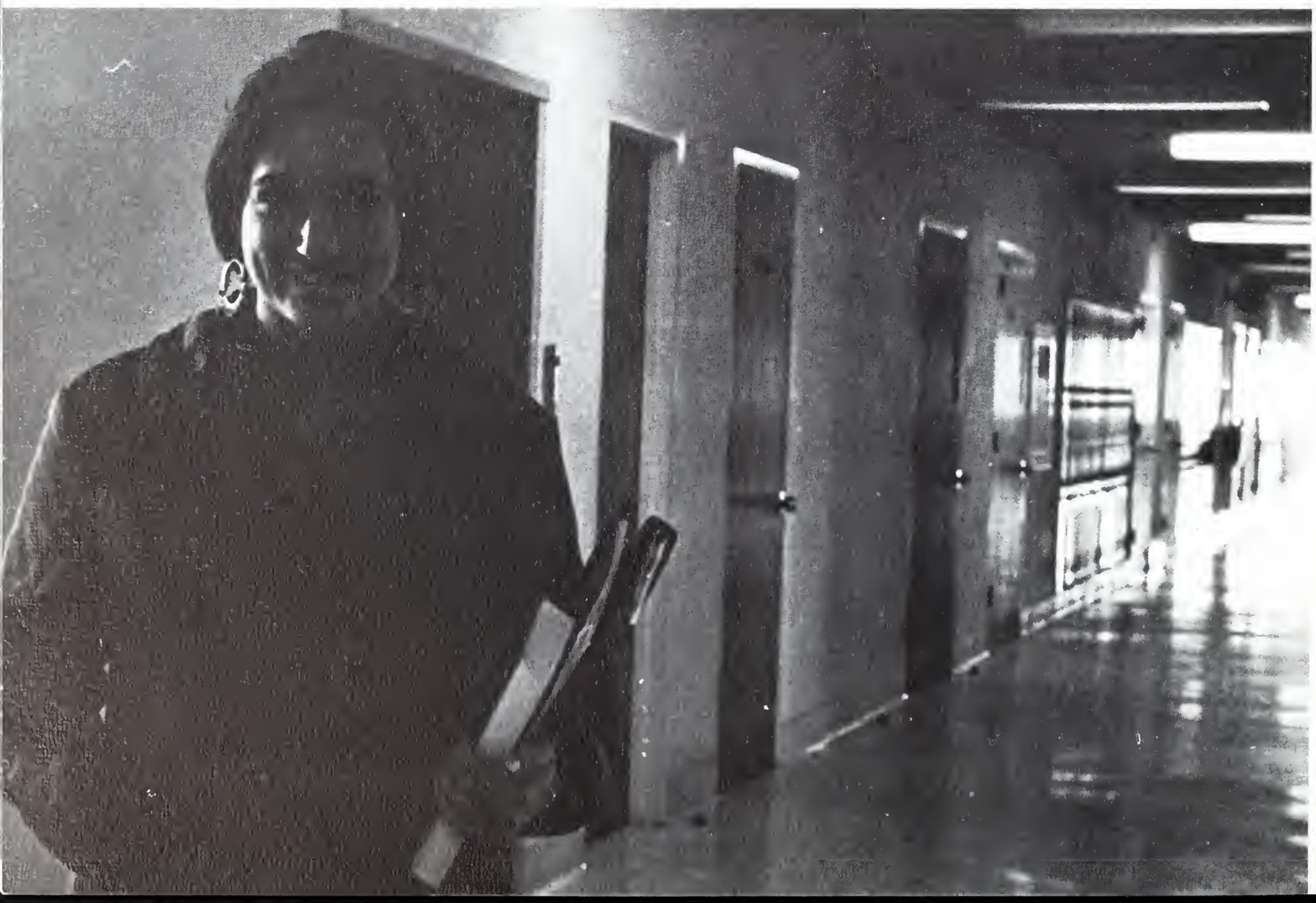
Concert Calendar

Renee Golabek, sixteen-year old senior at Beverly Hills High School, will be piano soloist for this Sunday's orchestra concert at Mount St. Mary's College.

The concert, to be held at 3:00 p.m. in the Little Theater, features the Community Symphony of West Los Angeles under conductor Manuel Compinsky.

Miss Golabek will play Rachmaninoff's *Rhapsodie on a Theme by Paganini* with the orchestra, will also perform Beethoven's Symphony No. 4 and Granados's *Danzas Espanolas*.

At age eight, Miss Golabek performed for Mischa Elman at the Masters. She has been a winner of the Southern California Music Festival. Two years ago she won the annual Hoyle Club



Okay, Daddy!

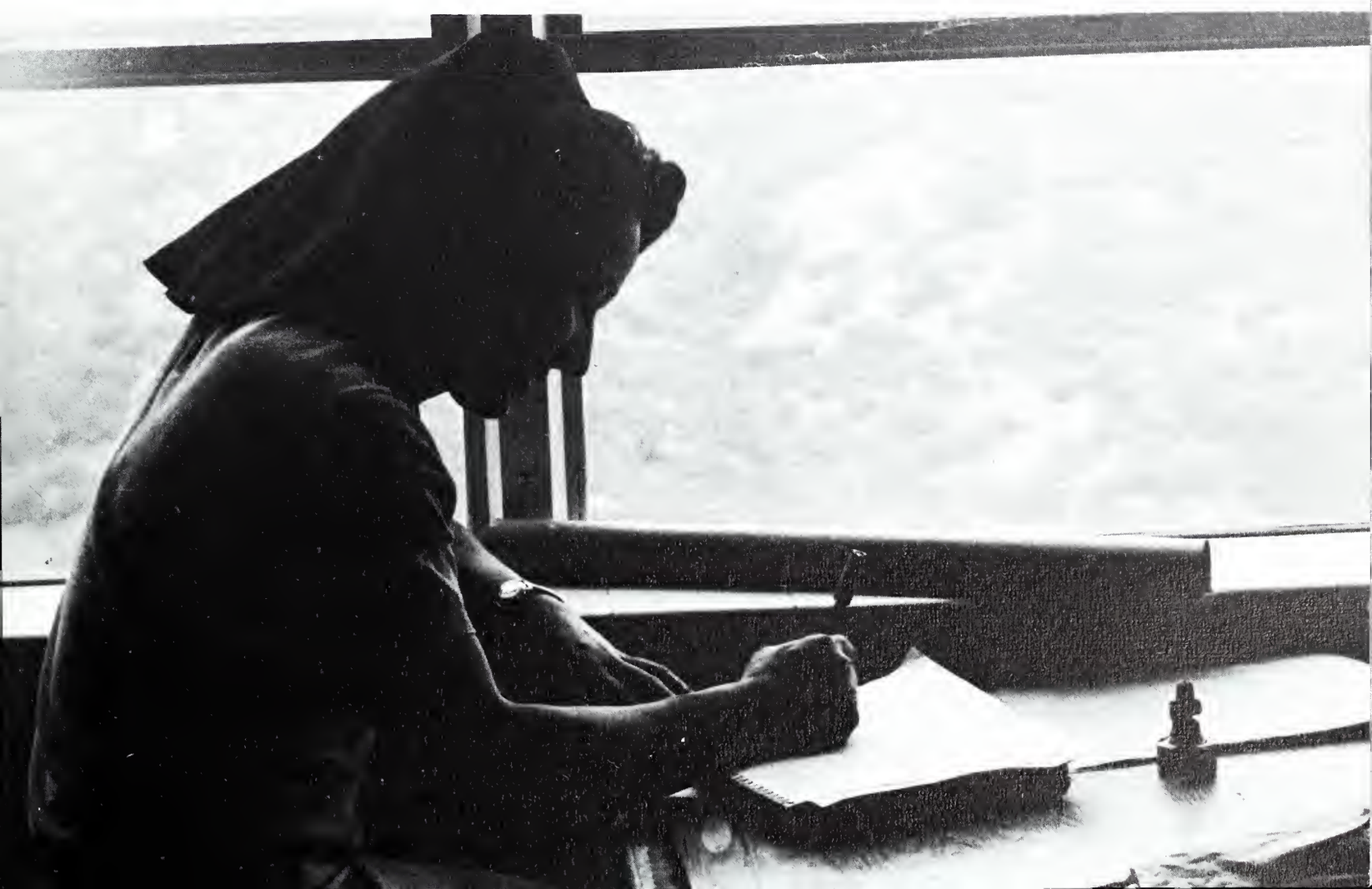
aliveyesyeswow!yes!whatitsa
boutfreelove!ohfreefreeoh2b
bornagainohwowow!livelove!b
againwow!yes!loveyes!imeana
men!yesohyes!ohyesyesliveam
en!alivenowloveohfather!ame
nowforeverlifelovenow!&amen

Melanie Link

Meditation on a fountain

I sit here in the wind
Blowing from nowhere
a rain of
Fountain glistening tinsel windwhipped spray.
The white grey sky blanks,
Lets me paint my own pictures.
I put myself on a mountaintop
Lazy shadows sway
On the gold thunderbolts of Zeus,
Metal molded to
reach beyond water, beyond land.
The moving ebony sky—
Reflections dance fire,
Bolts point to
The quartered moon at its center
Higher than the mountaintop.
I reach for more than the moon
To the black monolith of 2001
Bringer of life
and seated above
I read the words backward beneath my dangling feet
Mutual Benefit Life.

Joyce Jones



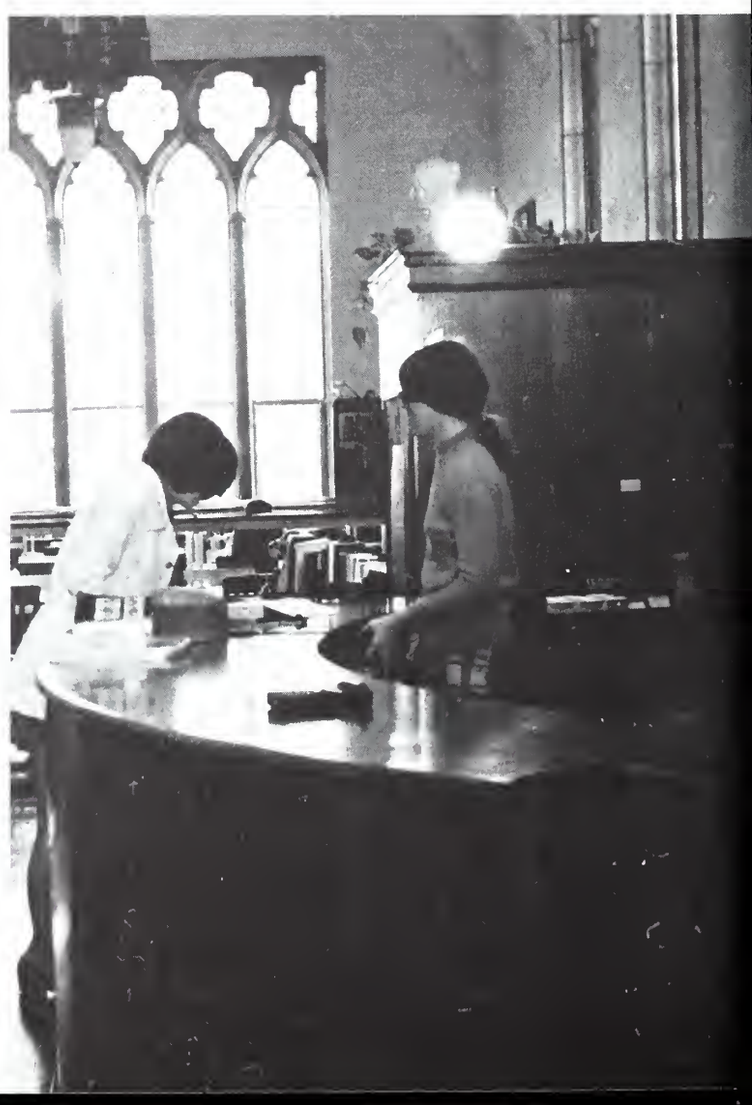
California Fault

I roll out of sleep into terror,
My stable foundations rock
and sway to an unknown force.
I lie here on the line
letting it happen as it has to.
Rocked and rolled out of sleep
to the beat of Creedence
from my window
I see I could surf in my pool.
What a trip—
But I come back too fast . . .
Three in 15 minutes . . .
The hardest doesn't pop
that much—
no matter how he's hooked.
Who needs it every five minutes?
It cures you.
Put a little shock in your life.
A crack in my newly painted ceiling
almost made it to the ocean . . . .

Joyce Jones

POLICE
820-8

Oscar
Mayer



It's the FFF of Fate and I Ain't Laughin'

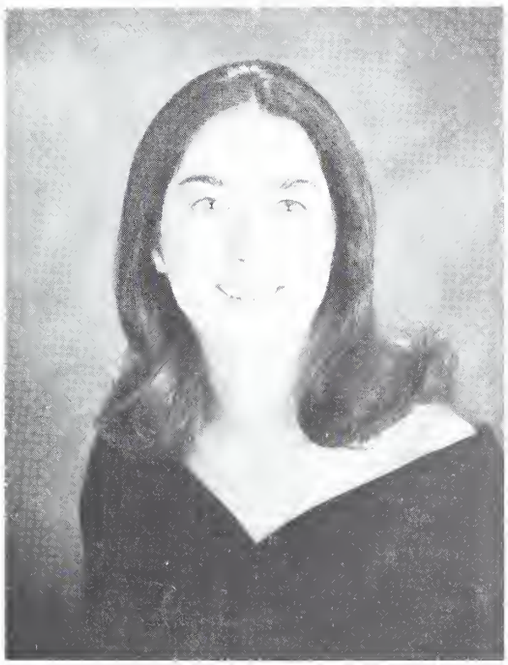
Dawn sighs through the balcony door,
Stroking the pointing fingers with motion.
Cones: the image of the mobile,
And the cotton wad which is my mind
Fumbles for awareness.
Infant Morning bawls at being born.
I get up and a gust of wind tangles
The delicate threads—hell, I'll never get
The Fates' threads of Life untangled.
One pointing hand bobs free.
Another, another, another.
Baby Morning toddles off with noon sun.
Afternoon Age of Reason widens confused eyes.
The mobile is the carousel of my childhood:
Up and over and under and around and lonely and separate
And peculiar and imprisoned in fantasy.
God, how can Fate be cruel to children?
Adolescent clouds wring growth tears in my door.
Grimacing air spins the accusing fingers,
Struggling in my "I, why?"
I squint and ponder how far I've come.
Young Miss Evening extends an assured hand,
Each finger points a different future.
Dusk whispers through the balcony door,
Taps the pointing fingers to motion.
Rods: the image of the mobile, and
I challenge the Flying Fickle Finger of Fate.
And I ain't laughin'.

Melanie Link

helen antczak history

pam bart mathematics

joanne boyle home economics



suzanne boyle mathematics

meg brooks sociology

carolanne burggraff music

christina conaway nursing

madeleine cuciti history

armida de la rosa social science

claire devereux psychology

mary anne fala nursing

darlene ferencz english

cindy doty nursing

elaine edler history

katherine fergen music

chris ferrero nursing

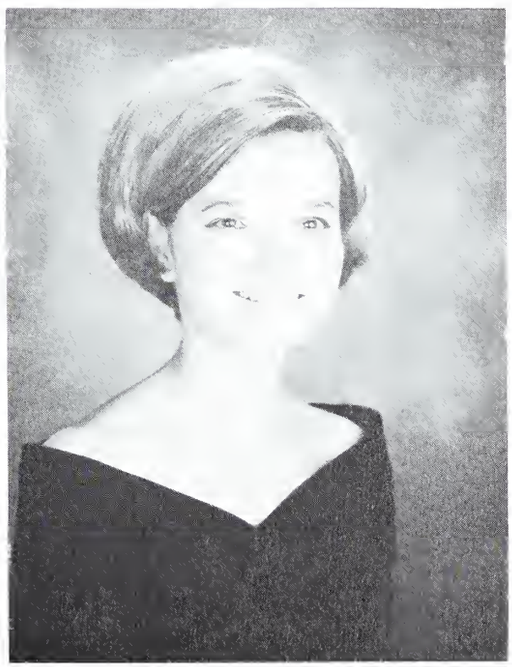
gail gawaldo music

margaret glade psychology

heidi gallasso music

betsy hitchcock nursing

sue handa child development



anita heintz french

ann iglesias nursing

kathy janeski political science

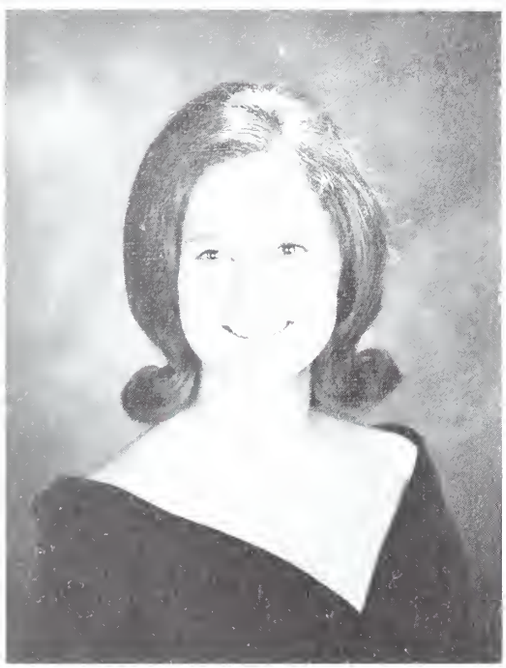
mignon johnson music

ellen jung sociology

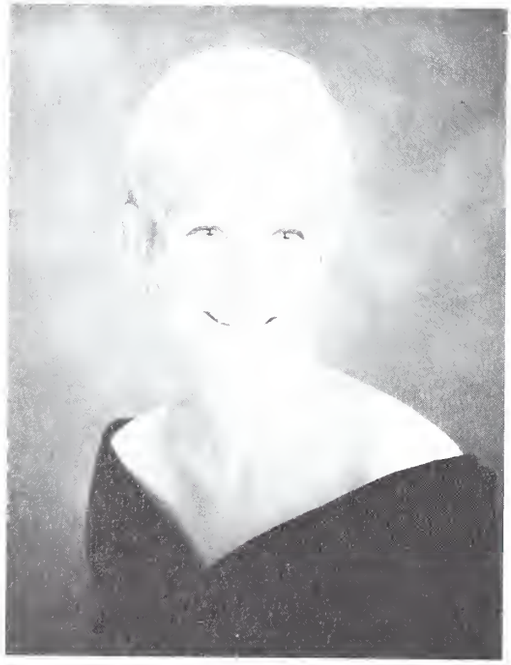
mary sue kirst home economics

ellen korte nursing

kris korte nursing



debbie lasseter child development

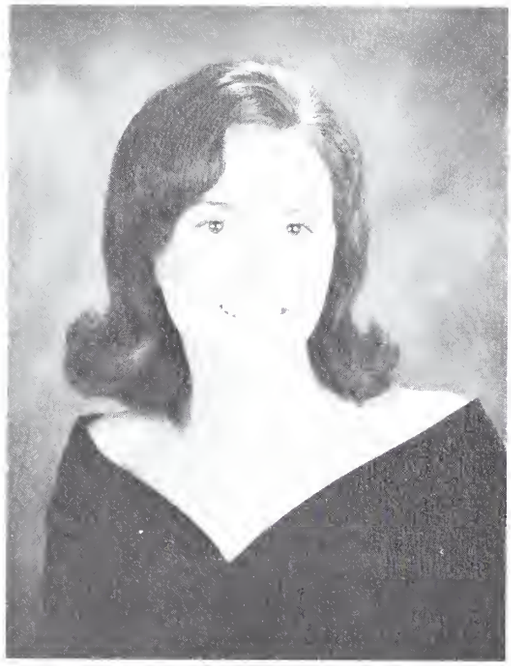


elizabeth loll social science

loretta mcbride nursing

pam mckeon nursing

geralyn martinez psychology

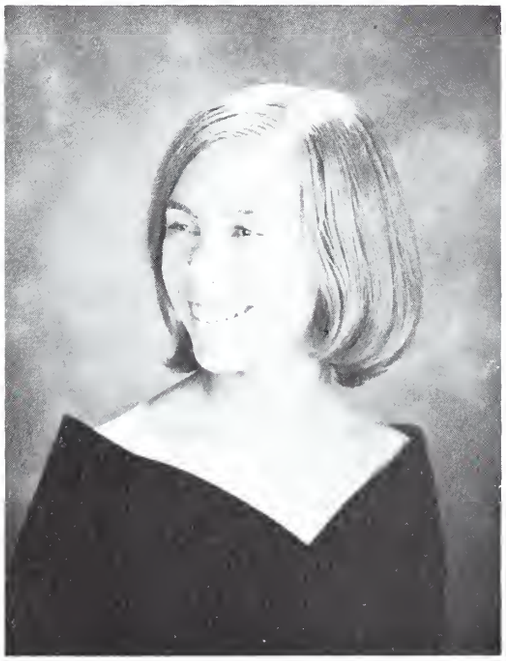


dorothea maxwell history

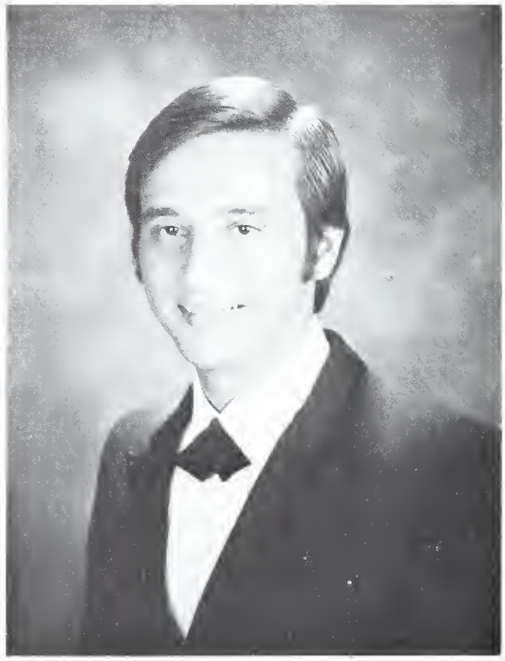
karen miguel child development

diane morgan mathematics

maria nuss history

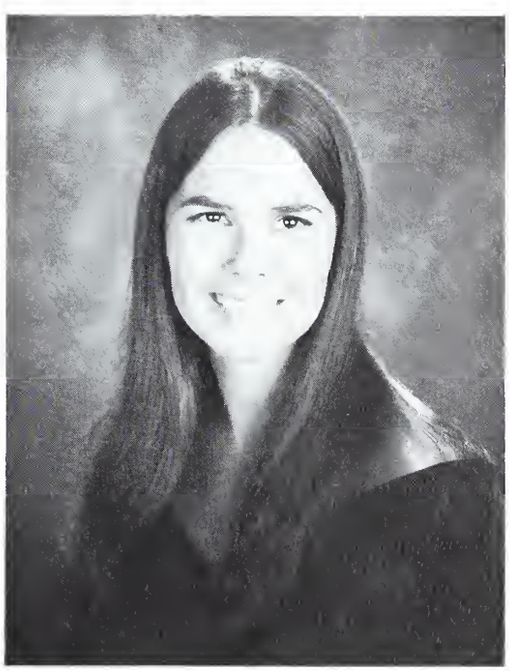


judy pett nursing



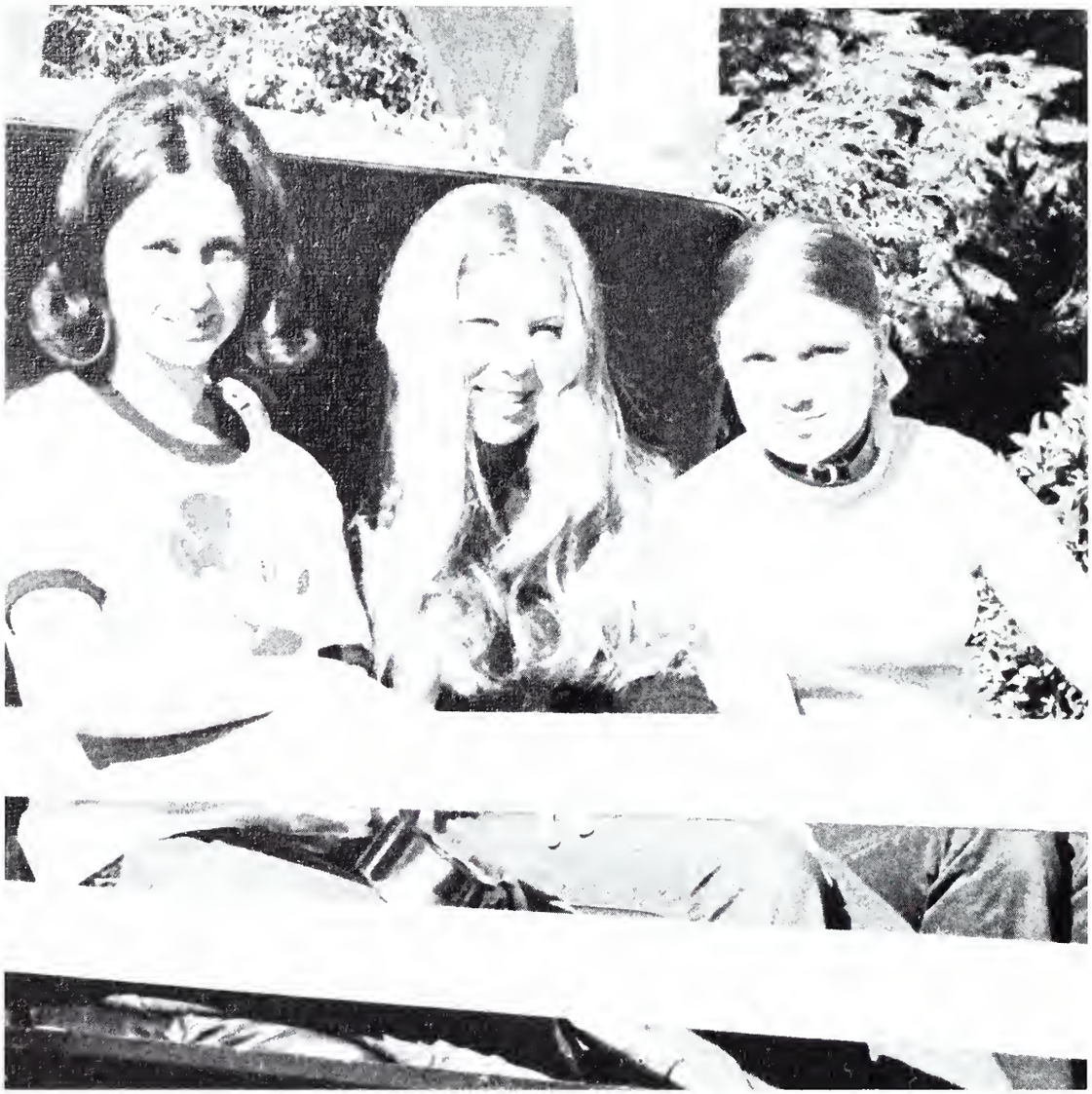
vincent pirillo music

ann prusinowski sociology

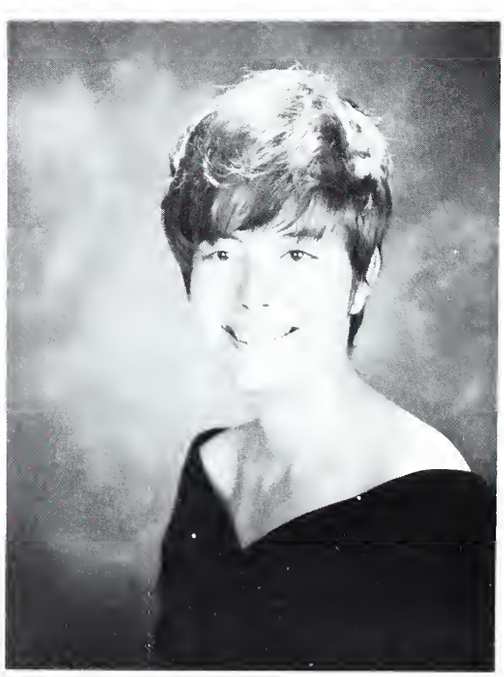


kathy rea music

diane reiser english



kathy schumaker music

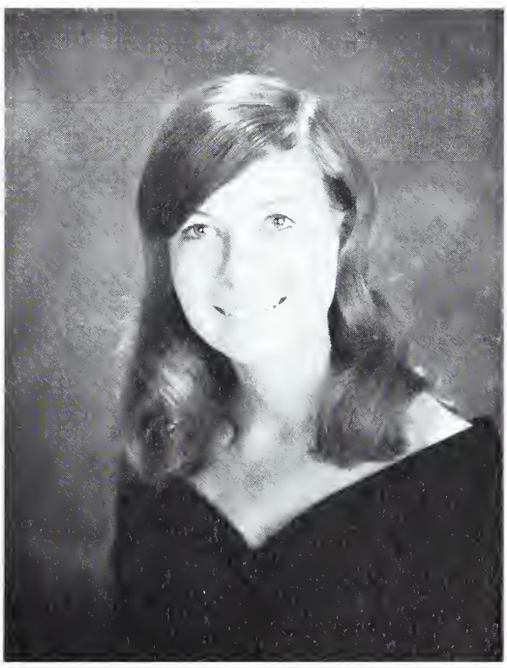


ann snyder nursing

lourdes sandoval mathematics

maria soriano spanish

mindy spahr english



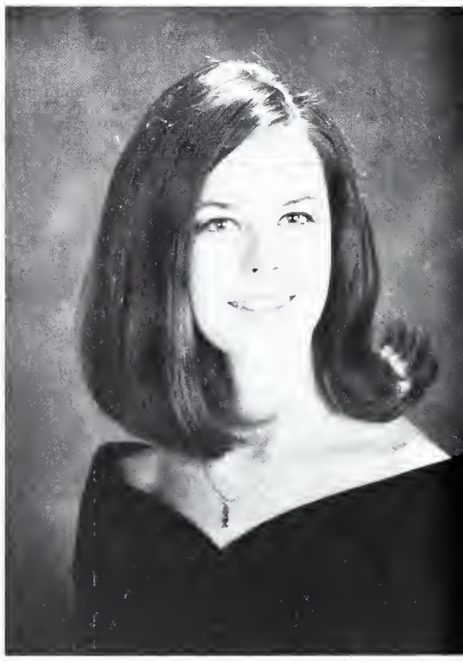
monica spillane biology

kathy stein history

jane williams music

mary tintle psychology

judy thorley nursing



debi woods nursing

sister kathleen wells english

mary jo yzuel english

kathy zenobio mathematics

Winter's Prelude

All night, upstairs
the old man plucks the strings
of a lute—for Cia, for Zita, and
for Maria.

For Cia, he plays
soft as April in the Apennines.
In dawn light she comes to him,
smelling of sun and win.
Small breasts, round and firm as lemons,
betray her child eyes. Laughing, she follows
the crane across fields of rice.

For Zita he plays
sea chords, vibrant and crashing
as July's heat at Rimini. In noon's
white glaze she beckons him
with parched lips and promises
the sweetness of sun-ripe melons.
Her eyes linger on a circling gull.

For Maria he plays
silent as the Veronese poplars
in October. In the moonlight she sits
on the fountain steps of the Piazza Erba.
Drops of light play on her face and the child
at her breast. Her eyes caress the
child with the softness of cooing pigeons.

All night, upstairs
the old man caresses the strings
of a lute—ah mia, ah mia, ah mia.

Laurie Brass

Benjy

Grass, trees swirl bright
Around the red near house pasture flag.
Benjy knows red—met red
Red tie, red fire-mouth
Red Caddy
Benjy knows red.

Tall white graveyard post
"Where the soldier was" cold
Smothers Quentin's white shirt blur
Running—fast Caddy
White in darkness
Running.

Spinning yellow creeps through barn roof
Rattles brown flowers
Chops green flowers
Bores through smoke blowing blue
Crowding sky void
Blowing blue.

Black door closing on
Black vines choking ditch-bones.
Chair cushion spots water
Overlooks fire-paper turn black
Turn grey
Benjy turns.

Diane Reiser

To Joan

Yonkas, New Yock
has snow, Joan's family, and is close to West Point.
Los Angeles, California
has ocean, the Group, and is close to Phi Kaps.
Perhaps this notion loans Joan insight
(and lens her friends Joan)
not to be uptight but
in winter to miss West Point
and in summer to point West.

To Lynn

A song of Lynn's spins
a strong and binding ode
to sensitive perceiving.
She's receiving us into
musical dew—starshine strumming
in Lynn's hue of blue.
Leaving us a lift with the gift
of a lease on peace.
And, now, we too
have no choice but to rejoice in
(and be beholden to)
her golden voice.

To Annie

gently
balanced
as the
haiku
our oriental occidental
re-interprets the Ancient Sages
carefully for the Modern Foolish.
the daughters of Irish stew, soup du jour
ravioli and sukiyaki melt in the Western pot
as the Rising Sun is from the Animals
and Mt. Fuji
turns to Shasta
for the California girl.

To Mary Reilly

COOL describes Mary Reilly.
Very highly are her
TASTEFUL standards esteemed.
She's seen as a
CHIC chick.
Continuity in
obedient red strands
blending green
of eyes
and wool
and leather
pull fashion all together
Listening to Crosby and Stills
and Jethro and Tull and John and Paul

ALL TOGETHER.

Melanie Link

The Pit

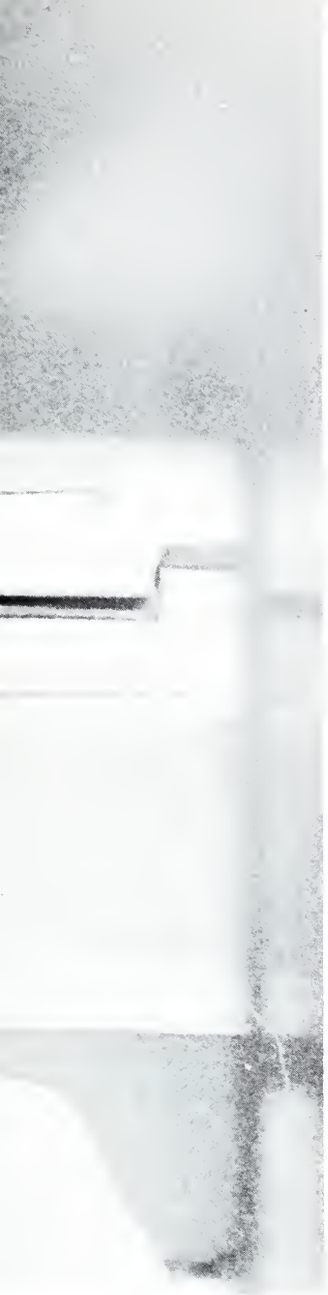
The nurse draws the curtains,
letting in light again.
She pushes the windows ajar,
airing the must.
From dressing table and drawer
She stuffs old belongings into an overnight case:
a stopped clock, a used toothbrush,
a pair of knitted sockees.

She cranks the bed down to flat
again,
And spreads white, sterile
tucked-in cornered sheets.
The orderly mops the floor with Lysol.
Another nurse pushes the door open:
"Is it ready yet?"

In a minute!"

No one would know she had died here.

Darlene Ferencz



The Big Tent

Under purple awnings they sit—
three old men, a clown, and a ballerina.
The ballerina is old, her skin drawn and yellowed.
Pressing rose petals to her painted cheeks she remembers
petal-soft skin
and swirls of silken hair
falling, cascading, rippling to her waist,
soft as the miller's wing
and the color of honeyed sun.
Her pink stain slippers, frayed and gray,
scuffle in the dirt a dance that has
no dimensions.

Next to the faded ballerina sits a blue-eyed clown,
stroking the G string of a broken mandolin. He muses
and hears echoes of cannon-booming applause
child-bubbling laughter
the galloping song of the calliope
the trumpeting blast of a three-toed elephant.
In the back pocket of his blue striped pants
is a red rubber balloon,
a dead balloon that has lost its shine.
It once made a small boy crow and clap his hands.
A happy child makes a happy clown.
The blue-eyed clown sighs, and plucks the G string
of a broken mandolin.

Three old men sit in the shade of the purple awnings,
yellow bones of memory, jointed and fleshed.
Three old men in baggy pants, smelling
of closed up rooms and fried potatoes.
What are they thinking about?
a man on a flying trapeze,
pendulating from platform to platform
shiny-teethed tigers pacing their cages
dancing elephants
hot dogs on sticks and
sawdust in the rings
clowns and balloons and dancing brown bears
the circus is in town!

Barnum and Bailey every August until
one summer August the boy
lets go the string of the shiny balloon
and chases after a girl with loose-flying hair
and milk-satin skin
soft as dandelion gone to seed
a kiss of wild berries
a sharing of sun

What do old men think of when blue-
eyed clowns pluck the strings of a broken mandolin?

Laurie Brass

Man-kind

Once there was this cool guy
A real long-time hippie who
Knew Exactly Where It's At
and instigated this revolution
of love that all the fuzz and
their learned leaders couldn't
stomp out-
Not in a million years-that's what
this cool cat predicted-in fact,
he promised, and so far no one has
proved him wrong.

But then all the cop-outs of
his generation ganged together
behind the staunch behinds of
a few of history's biggest
national finks
and did him in good-
I mean Murder
and no clean, swift, private
execution either-but a real bloody
slaughter for all the vultures to feast on.

And of all the stupid things
these same idiots sat around smugly
proclaiming their sacrilege some sort of
public service, and even called down his
blood upon their own generation.
Well, it happened.
The blood fell all over for twenty
centuries and the children still
carry the curse.
And of course the revolution only
grew bolder and seeped through
the history of men down the centuries
like yeast through bread.

And I wonder why he
never comes
down—
the man
just hangs
there
forever somewhere
a real freak for
peace
a real heavy
character.

Maureen Norton

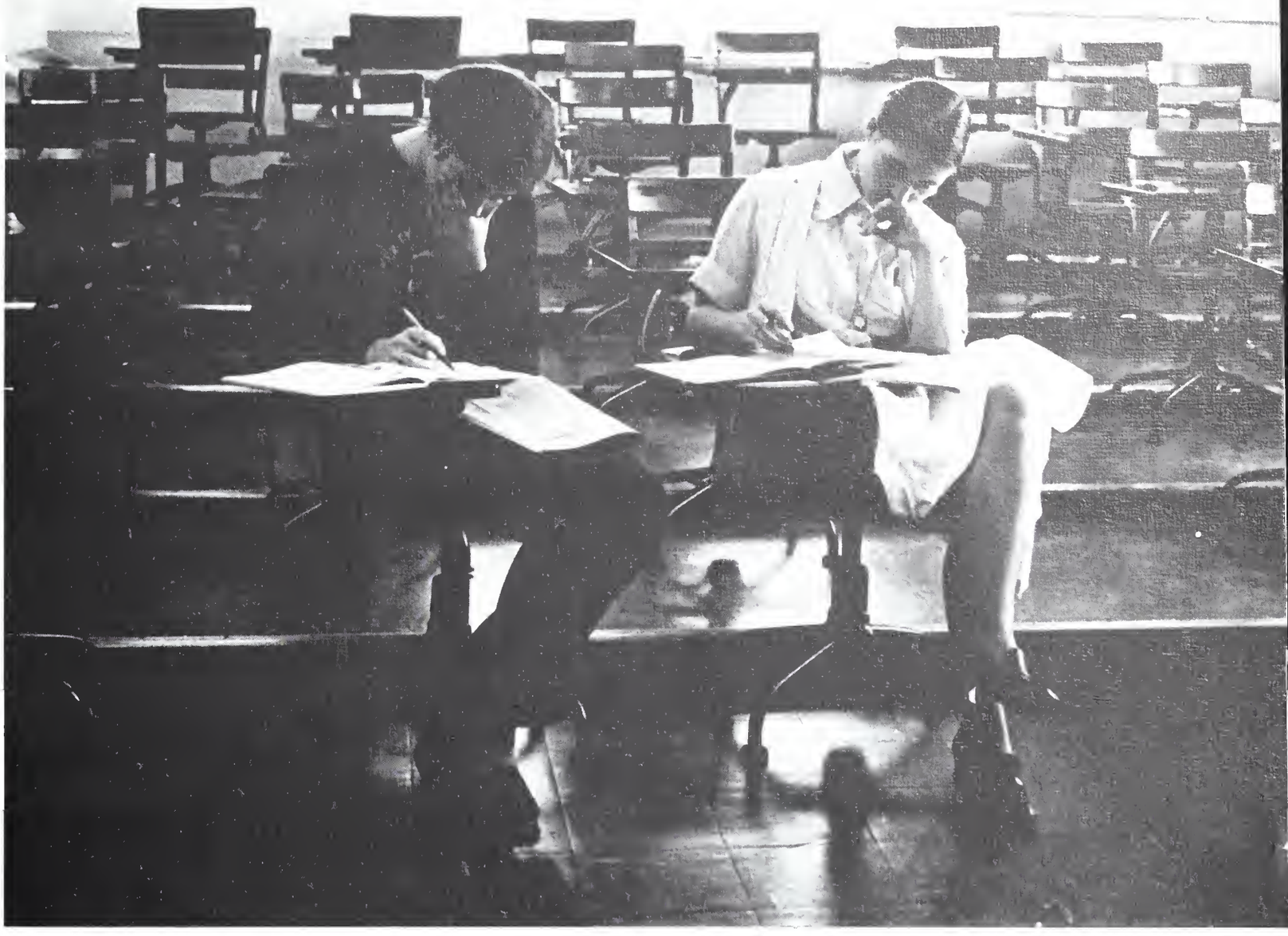
To Quote the Rolling Stones: It's All Over Now

Dear Droll Soul,
Understand
this contraband emotion.
Handle this vandal heart-
don't fall apart
or worry-
there's no hurry;
this morrow of
your sorrow
will cease-
piece
by piece
is peace.
The whole toll (blue's dues)
is paid up.
Smile for awhile . . . . . .
Even as your
honeysuckle buckles
in the rain
and the sprain
seems to strain your brain-
suspended and upended-
ended.
. . . . . Because
"We hold it true
Whate'ver befall-
We feel it when we sorrow most;
Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."
Yours Truly,

Unduly Optimistic
Pst Script: Never assume your doom.

Melanie Link

"I sat upon the shore
Fishing, with the arid plain behind me
Shall I at least set my lands in order?
London Bridge is falling down falling
down falling down"



"I can connect
Nothing with nothing.
The broken fingernails of dirty hands.
My people humble people who expect
Nothing."

"Who is the third who walks always beside you?
When I count, there are only you and I together
But when I look ahead up the white road
There is always another one walking beside you
Bliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded
I do not know whether a man or a woman
—But who is that on the other side of you?"

HUMAN DEVELOPMENT AT MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

Student development is seen as human development, and human development is seen as the growth of each person's unique inner experience. To the ethical man who values freedom, this inner experience is that which preserves a person's freedom in the face of externals seeking to possess him. To the religious man, inner experience is that unique secret between God and man which unfolds as man moves deeper into God. Whether looked upon by the ethical or the religious man, each person is seen as a unique carrier of unfolding, developing life. Such life is treated with reverence. Reverential treatment of people as unique carriers of life stands in opposition to anything which stamps "non-entity" on any human being. It matters little whether the stamp is held by the hand of the extremist who cries out that his opponents have "forfeited all claims to membership in the human race" or the hand of the student, faculty or administrator who indulges himself in games of status, prestige and manipulation.

Human development can involve major discontinuities, disruptions and change in a persons external world. Such changes, no matter how severe, can transform, but never destroy, a well-founded internal existence. To the ethical man a well-founded internal life is derivable from a variety of sources. To the religious man, a well-founded internal life always ultimately manifests itself in deeper movement into God, even when the external influences involve dryness, desperation and intense suffering. The non-destructibility of the internal life is what we call continuity of existence.

With our emphasis upon the interior life, it might appear that we are de-emphasizing a person's interaction with his external world. We are surely not doing this. Reverence for other being implies an awareness of responsibility to them. It means that we must seek to do that which benefits the other, but it also means that we cannot define such benefit by our unique internal life to the denial of his. An ear sensitive to veracity can help one person to fulfill his responsibility to another in supportive, non-destructive ways.

Reverence for other being, continuity of existence, veracity and awareness of responsibility culminate in goodness and love. Human development then is nothing more than giving each person the opportunity to discover his own unique interior life in an atmosphere of goodness and love. It is, after all, really quite simple; and yet it is everything.

Fundamentally, human development occurs best in people to people interactions. People can help the growth of the internal life of other people. It is what you do, rather than your rhetoric, that counts. As administrators at Mount St. Mary's College, we are trying to help build an environment in which each person, student, faculty and administrator, can find the opportunity to nourish the unfolding of his own unique life in relationship to other people, the cosmos and God.

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